

## Ghosts of Easter Rising

Project 86

We wait for the siren  
The crimson horizon  
The right of our passage  
Into promised land  
The conflict approaching  
Adversaries waiting  
Just beyond the threshold of our gates

By Your hand  
We make our stand  
They'll heed our command  
And flee this land

My bloodline is reaching  
From beyond and through me  
Calling all the righteous  
To our vital quest  
Our history it hinges  
On victory within us  
Father, make these fists  
Like Brass

The killers of mercy  
They occupy and justify  
Invading, dividing  
But we will look them in the eyes  
Converge, descend  
Upon the fields of Easter rising  
Now go before me  
By your strength we rectify this...

Sacrifice, avenge...